

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VOL. IX.

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915

NO. 23

REMARKABLE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT OF "ANOKIA"

From the latest number of Edison Current Topics, the monthly magazine published by the Southern California Edison Company, we reprint an interesting article by District Agent Fred Schwartz about Anokia, the home of Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin. The article deals with the remarkably complete electrical equipment of the place and also embodies an interesting general description. Mr. Schwartz writes:

Out of the range of the noise, smoke and busy life of the city, will be found the most thoroughly electrically equipped mansion in the southwest. I refer to "Anokia," the famous residence of Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin, owner of the Santa Anita Rancho, situated upon the Foothill boulevard, about fifteen miles east of Los Angeles, upon a part of the Baldwin estate which was the property of her well known father.

Only a few years ago the use of electric energy in the rural communities was a rare exception. Through the far sightedness and progressive spirit of the principal power companies

where they are conveniently arranged to suit the pleasure of milady.

Refrigerating Plant

Also in the basement is located the refrigerating plant of six tons capacity and a model of its kind. This machine is operated by a fifteen-horsepower motor and in addition to producing 300 to 400 pounds of ice daily, it also furnishes refrigeration for several boxes having a space of approximately 1500 cubic feet. While the machine is running, brine is circulated through the cooling pipes in the boxes by a small pump driven from the main shaft and except in extremely warm weather, about three hours operation per day is sufficient to maintain a temperature of thirty-three to forty degrees.

Water for drinking purposes is cooled and distributed throughout the house by a separate circulating system. A tank has been provided through which passes a series of brine coils for cooling the water and a small electric motor operates the pump which insures cold water constantly at each outlet.

Adjoining the refrigerating plant is the electric vacuum cleaning machine



Anokia—Home of Mrs. Baldwin, near Sierra Madre

west of the Rocky Mountains, this feature of the business has now developed to a point where its volume is considered one of the most desirable sources of revenue.

Heretofore, even the most beautifully situated and luxuriously furnished country home has been devoid of a certain element which affords that feeling of satisfaction and pleasure to which we are accustomed. With the advent of all the conveniences derived through the means of electricity, however, this manner of living has become most desirable and attractive. This tion of numerous men of large business is clearly demonstrated by the access affairs in the cities who have taken up a permanent residence in the country, since electric service has been made available in these sections. Each year finds many new homes established in the country and each year shows a large increase of electrical devices installed.

Complete Equipment

In preparing the plans for her home, Mrs. Baldwin did not lose sight of the many comforts and conveniences she would enjoy by the use of electric devices, as is exemplified by the full equipment of electrical apparatus in and about her place. All of the electrical work is, of course, of the very highest class, and the wiring, which conforms to the latest Underwriters' code, is being carried in metal conduit throughout the entire house and grounds.

Especially attention has been given to the system of lighting. On the large uncovered veranda, extending the full width of the house, about twenty-five single light bronze metal lighting standards of unique design have been attractively placed so that the illumination is most pleasing in effect.

The general lighting plan of the interior is accomplished with indirect units except where smaller lights are used for special and decorative purposes. In the "Jinks Room," a particularly striking feature is apparent in the lighting scheme, where the walls are adorned with exquisitely handsome and characteristic paintings. The reflection from the indirect lighting units on the light colored ceiling displays the paintings to the greatest advantage and causes a marked contrast to the ancient urns and antique furniture.

Electric Kitchenette

Connected with the Jinks Room is a kitchenette fully equipped with an electric range and other appliances. Any fumes or odors arising from the use of cooking utensils are quickly dispelled by an electrically operated exhaust fan placed in the hood which covers all these appliances.

Probably the most unusual device for a private residence is the electrically operated hair drier. As might be surmised, this apparatus is in the nature of a small compressor to which is attached a one-horsepower motor operated about one hour a day, which insures an ample quantity of compressed air.

Air pipes from the compressor pipes are connected to the several boudoirs

ROAD WORK ORDERED

Improvement of Baldwin Avenue to Be Effected When Weather Is Favorable

Improvement of that portion of Baldwin Avenue lying within the county's jurisdiction has been definitely ordered and will be effected as soon as the weather is warm enough to make best results obtainable. This cheering information is contained in a letter to the editor of the News from Supervisor John J. Hamilton, who writes as follows under date of March 3rd:

"Dear Mr. Morgridge:

"I am following up the matter of work on Baldwin avenue, north of the Foothill boulevard, and have today been assured by Road Foreman Adams that the work will be done as soon as the weather is sufficiently warm to get the best results.

"Mr. Adams says that he has express orders to this effect, and I have no doubt that the work will receive early attention, probably this month.

"Should there be any failure to do it, kindly advise me.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN J. HAMILTON,
"Supervisor First District."

With the county's portion of the road in good shape the Baldwin avenue entrance to Sierra Madre will be improved more than half way up from the Foothill boulevard, the 1000-foot strip in Arcadia's territory remaining to be taken care of. The Arcadia trustees have expressed their willingness to see that strip taken care of as soon as they are in a position to do so.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. George H. Cornell, rector. Vested choir. Third Sunday in Lent. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Sermon and holy communion 11 a. m. Subject of sermon, "The Second Commandment—Idolatry." All are cordially invited.

eration of all the electrical equipment.

Mrs. Baldwin has selected one of the richest settings nature affords, for her home, with the range of the Sierras in the background, and on a line almost directly south of Mount Wilson.

Wonderful Setting

Adorning the fifteen acres is an abundance of old live oak trees, through which the wide driveways wind from the gates, on a gradual incline to almost the summit, where the magnificent home of Grecian architecture stands. Here and there is placed a fountain, a rustic nook or a pergola entwined with climbing roses and vines to embellish this worldly Paradise. Not in a single instance has an opportunity escaped to accentuate the beauties of nature's own handiwork.

Flowers have been omitted almost entirely from the main portion of the grounds, in order to avoid any interference with the natural surroundings, although large beds of rare and exquisite plants will be found in an isolated section devoted entirely to horticulture.

Amid the trees on the west side of the house is an open plunge and a bath house completely furnished with lockers, showers, etc., etc.

Blooded Stock

To the east of the house are located the stables where reside the several blooded Arabian steeds, probably the finest horseflesh in this entire country. Opposite the stables are the kennels containing pedigree and prize-winning Airedale, bulldogs and Russian wolfhounds. Next are the cages of rare specimens of a large variety of birds, pheasants and poultry, and where reigns supreme the white peacock.

Plans for the entire grounds, house and all conveniences were conceived in the mind of Mrs. Baldwin. Unlike many people of large means, who depend upon an architect for such advice, Mrs. Baldwin has embodied her own original ideas throughout. In so doing, she has not only been most successful but has established a standard of excellence which will undoubtedly become very popular among those who are able to provide homes of this class. By her ingenuity, she gives to herself and friends a much greater amount of comfort and convenience, and imparts to the world a knowledge of the greatest benefit.

It is quite apparent that such improvements as these provide the necessary incentive to the inventor and manufacturer for further development with the ultimate result that those in more moderate circumstances will enjoy similar luxuries.

Even the numerous responsibilities entailed by such a large enterprise are not permitted to interfere with the daily inspection of Mrs. Baldwin to see if some added improvements can be made, nor is she ever too busy to hear a suggestion which may lead to a new convenience or to enhance the beauty of her home.

Apart from the home place lies the Santa Anita Rancho, containing about 6000 acres, of which there is under cultivation approximately 3600 acres. In addition to all the apparatus already mentioned, there is also installed on the Rancho a complete system of lighting and a number of electric motors aggregating two hundred horse-power used for pumping water for irrigating.

POEM MAKES A HIT

Sierra Madre Club President Makes Clever Response to Federation Roll Call

Miss Annis B. Coffey, president, and a number of members of the Sierra Madre Woman's Club have been attending the sessions of the district federation of Woman's Clubs at Long Beach this week. They have put Sierra Madre on the map in various ways. Printed invitations to attend the Sierra Madre Flower Festival in April were distributed among the delegates. When the convention roll was called and each delegation responded for the home club Miss Coffey made one of the hits of the session by responding with a bit of original verse. The following account is reprinted from the Los Angeles Times:

Annis B. Coffey, beautiful and statuesque, won all hearts when she responded to her club, the Sierra Madre Woman's Club, with the following appropriate lines:

"Close to the great purple mountains where San Gabriel Valley expands, Sierra Madre—our beautiful village—serene on her mesa stands; And there we have builded our clubhouse; (not of brick or of marble or towns.) But built from the wood from our forests, and tinted in russet and browns.

"And happy are we at the mountains, when all our dear friends come our way And give us the joy of your presence, on our reciprocity day. Our clubwomen work, in our village; we toil every hour, like the bees; We have programs, good meetings, cooked-food sales, concerts, board of trade—banquets, and teas.

"Chrysanthemum fetes in the autumn; cards and dancing when winter is here; And a three-days' flower show every April; and run, Saturdays, all the year; Motion picture films, for we are licensed to show picture films of the best.

I've been told 'There's no rest for the wicked'; and the righteous require no rest;

But under which heading we're listed, it's not in my province to say, So, whether we're saints or we're sinners, Sierra Madre sends greetings today."

Among the members in attendance at the convention were Mrs. Florence Flathers, Mrs. Sharon, Mrs. C. H. Baker, Mrs. H. S. Wright, Mrs. W. S. Andrews, and Mrs. Burton Andrews of Los Angeles.

Grand lecturer of the Masonic Fraternity in California, will visit Sierra Madre lodge next Tuesday on the occasion of a school of instruction which will be held, in which the Sierra Madre lodge will be joined by members of the South Pasadena and Alhambra lodges. Sessions of the school of instruction will be held at two-thirty in the afternoon and at seven-thirty in the evening. On Monday officers of Sierra Madre lodge will participate in a school of instruction to be held in Pasadena.

GRAND LECTURER COMING

Dr. Matt S. Hughes of Pasadena, grand lecturer of the Masonic Fraternity in California, will visit Sierra Madre lodge next Tuesday on the occasion of a school of instruction which will be held, in which the Sierra Madre lodge will be joined by members of the South Pasadena and Alhambra lodges. Sessions of the school of instruction will be held at two-thirty in the afternoon and at seven-thirty in the evening. On Monday officers of Sierra Madre lodge will participate in a school of instruction to be held in Pasadena.

SIERRA MADRE RAINFALL Season 1914-1915.

October	.83
November	.11
December	5.05
January	8.56
February	8.10
March 1	.03
Total to date	22.68

Rainfall for corresponding period in 1914, 42.14. Mean rainfall for the month of March over a 26-year period, 5.88.

In March, 1914, no rain fell until the 28th of the month and on the 30th only 0.78 was recorded for the month. The temperature in March, 1914, was unusually high, ranging between the 12th and 19th, from 76 to 90 degrees, the mean highest for the month being 71.96 degrees and the mean lowest 54.3. On the 17th the thermometer recorded 90 degrees in Sierra Madre and 94 degrees in Los Angeles.

MERCHANTS AID FESTIVAL

With a contribution of \$200 the Sierra Madre Merchants' Association came to the aid of the 1915 Flower Festival at a special meeting held Monday evening. A few members were unable to be present at the meeting and when their contributions are added it is possible the amount will be somewhat larger than \$200. It was understood by the merchants that the contribution would relieve them from all other solicitation for the festival except for such donations as they might wish to make for prizes. With the contributions from the city and from the Board of Trade the festival committee will start out with a guarantee fund which will place them beyond all possibility of disaster.

LIVE OAK IMPROVEMENT

Some of the Live Oak avenue property owners seem to have become unduly alarmed over the prospect of improvement proceedings being instituted on that street. No such work has been considered for this season and there seems no likelihood of it. The report that the improvement was contemplated probably arose from some remarks made when Mr. Bailey, representing Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin, conferred with the city trustees regarding a temporary water supply for construction work in the tract which she is to open up this summer. Someone asked him as to the probability of Mrs. Baldwin's willingness to join with Sierra Madre in the improvement of Live Oak when Sierra Madre is ready. He said he thought it would accord with her plans very well. Nothing more was said on the subject and so far as known no more definite plans have been made by anyone connected with Sierra Madre. Mrs. Baldwin owns all the frontage on the south side but since the entire street lies within the limits of Sierra Madre nothing could be undertaken there without Sierra Madre's consent and that would be determined entirely by the property owners interested.

MORE HOUSEBREAKING

The W. H. Ingraham residence on West Highland was entered by some "daylight operator" last Saturday afternoon. The burglar got away with a suit of clothes, a camera and some articles of jewelry. There was some evidence that it was done by local talent.

DR. E. L. HOUSE WILL RETURN FOR LECTURES

Dr. E. L. House will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational Church next Sunday morning and evening, and will continue his lectures all through the week, speaking twice daily except Saturday. In the week he spent in Sierra Madre some time since Dr. House won a multitude of friends and admirers. His audiences increased daily until at the close he had the largest crowds which have attended religious services in Sierra Madre in years. Dr. House has been recently in Fullerton where he has been conducting an eminently successful series of meetings.

In the combining of modern psychology and orthodox theology Dr. House contends that all the advantages and none of the evils of many modern cults and isms are attained. He is an entertaining speaker and holds his audience from start to finish. His subjects for the week follow: Sunday morning—The Psychology of Pentecost.

Sunday morning—The Psychology of Some Mighty Men.

Monday Afternoon—The Message of Psychology Today.

Monday evening—The Palace and Its King.

Tuesday afternoon—Get the Habit.

Tuesday evening—The Drama of the Human Face.

Wednesday—Psychology's Necklace of Pearls.

Wednesday evening—The Power of Affirmation.

Thursday afternoon—Divine Healing.

Thursday evening—The Symphony of Life.

Friday afternoon—The Subconscious Mind Father.

Friday evening—How to Speed Yourself Up.

ROWLAND D. LAWS DEAD

Rowland D. Laws, formerly a resident of Sierra Madre, passed away suddenly in Los Angeles on Thursday as a result of a hemorrhage. He was stricken while driving his auto downtown and passed away while being taken to the receiving hospital. He was 34 years of age and was southwestern sales manager for the American Can Co. His wife was formerly Miss Henrietta Gifford, and both were very popular in Sierra Madre, having resided here a number of years. News of the passing of Mr. Laws comes as a shock to his many friends who recognized in him a man of exceptional worth and ability. He was a member of Sierra Madre Lodge, No 408, F. & A. M.

Sierra Madre friends will be interested in the following announcement received this week: "Mr. Wayne Thornburg and Miss Mary Jane Warner announce their marriage on Friday, Feb. 19th, 1915, San Francisco, Cal." The groom spent his boyhood in Sierra Madre, where he lived a good many years with his parents. He has held for two years a very fine position as head of a large cattle ranch in Nevada. The bride and groom will make their home in Constantia, Lassen County, California.

Easter Cards

Prettier than ever, with all the beauty of spring flowers and greetings to suit every taste. There are post cards, cards and folders with envelopes. All are printed on handsome stock and some are hand colored.

Prices

5, 10, 15, 20 and 25c

Some new birthday folders just arrived.

The News Printery

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. Mackerras, M. D.

Office 154 W. Central Ave.
Residence
Phone Main 53 138 W. Central Ave.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.

Office, 4 N. Baldwin. Phone Main 60
Hours: 11-12-2-3
Res. 72 W. Alegria Phone Main 111

DR. E. L. JACKSON

Physician and Surgeon
Phone Red 76
Office and Res. N. W. Cor. Auburn and Highland

George W. Groth

Physician and Surgeon
Osteopath
Black 63 161 Santa Anita Ct.

A. J. RUST

DENTIST
308 Higgins Building, Cor. Second
and Main, Los Angeles; office hours
10-12; 2-4. Office phone, Main 7011

A. J. CASNER

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In Sierra Madre office
FRIDAY'S and SATURDAY'S
Cor. Baldwin and Central, 2nd Floor

ALLEN T. GAY

Undertaker and
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Lady Assistant
AUTO AMBULANCE
Main 93 Central and Baldwin

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

\$1.50 Per Hour. Any Part of City. 25c
Out of Town Trips a Specialty
M. GOLDSTEIN
Green 85 Res. Green 81

**Transfer
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J. C. WHYTE
Phones Main 50 and Green 85
Office, Grilley's Store. Kersting Court

**FEED AND FUEL
TRANSFER**

All kinds of stock and poultry
feed. Best grades of fuel
Andrew Olsen
Red. 85 Res. Black 24

A. N. ADAMS

Opposite P. E. Station
Real Estate, Rentals
Insurance
AGENTS FOR THE
Continental Insurance Co. of N. Y.
Policyholder Surplus \$15,999,832
Pays first and always 100 cents
on the dollar

AT THE MOVIES

Good audiences have been the rule at the Moving Picture programs at the Woman's Club House on recent Saturday nights. The class of films shown has met with evident approval and receipts have been mounting steadily. This has no doubt due in part to the advertising campaign undertaken by the management for several weeks past. The announcement of the Saturday night programs in Friday's News is watched eagerly by the film patrons and the weekly reminder serves to swell the crowds. The feature of next Saturday night's program will be a three-reel drama entitled "Jim Webb, Senator," featuring King Baggot and Leah Baird. There will be seven reels in all of first class pictures.

Brief Items of Interest

Mrs. J. G. Britt of Los Angeles spent Wednesday at the guest of Mrs. A. N. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stockwell of Los Angeles were Sunday guests at the Nightingale home.

Miss Mary Karl spent the week end in Los Angeles as the guest of her uncle, Mrs. George McCoy.

Miss Hendry of Fargo, North Dakota, and Miss Mabel St. Johns were guests of Mrs. E. Yerxa on Wednesday.

Mrs. Rebecca Berger and her mother left for San Francisco on Thursday and will spend some time visiting the fair.

On Tuesday afternoon the Modern Priscillas and a few other guests were pleasantly entertained by Mrs. J. J. Hart.

Mrs. Wm. Dennison had as dinner guests on Friday Mrs. Freida Love of Venice and Mrs. Norton of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Leigh of Los Angeles and Mrs. B. B. Bravinder of this city, were luncheon guests at Mia Italia on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. A. Osgood attended the club meetings of the Federated Clubs of Los Angeles district at the Hotel Virginia on Wednesday.

Mrs. Blanche Rockwood of San Diego will arrive Saturday to be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mason for several weeks.

Mrs. S. H. Collins and two sons of Aberdeen, South Dakota, have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Collins this week.

Capt. Copps and wife of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, arrived this week for a visit of several months with his brother, Marcus W. Copps.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Farman were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pritchard of Los Angeles and Charles Pritchard of Belmont, Iowa.

Rev. W. H. Hannaford left this week for Ventura where he takes up his new work on Sunday as pastor of the Congregational church there.

George F. Miller, representative of the Gorman Silver Company on this coast, will be entertained over Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sperry.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Copps expect their son, Fred Copps, to arrive from San Francisco on Saturday. He left Salina Cruz, Mexico, by boat on Thursday.

Mrs. L. E. Jewett of scenic Point, and her guest, Mrs. C. M. Ryder of Guadalajara, Mexico, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Fennel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright of Santa Monica spent Thursday in Sierra Madre visiting old friends and were the luncheon guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Caley.

Miss Miller, formerly a missionary in Burma, will speak on Sunday at 3:30 at the Helping Station, Windsor Lane, on India and the life of Pundita Ramabai. All are welcome.

On Tuesday Mrs. J. A. Osgood was a guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frick of Redondo, in honor of the board of directors of the Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles.

Miss Wilma Greene who is teaching this winter in Los Angeles, and Miss Portia Green of Riverside, were Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Fairbank and Mrs. L. M. Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Greene of Tallulah, Ill., who have been spending six weeks at San Diego, spent Sunday as the guests of Mrs. Louisa Caldwell. They will visit the fair at San Francisco.

Luncheon guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Collins on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Page of Mason City, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. R. Valentine, Mason City, Iowa, and Mrs. Dr. Huntley, Hollister, Cal.

This afternoon Mrs. F. P. Baugh entertains with a delightful little informal tea complimentary to her sister, Mrs. J. A. Pick of Chicago. The guests were invited to bring their needle work and dainty refreshments have been planned.

Wallace Nicholl, formerly of New York City, has been the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sperry.

On Monday evening the Sierra Madre Chapter, O. E. S., held their regular business meeting and a farewell reception for Mr. and Mrs. George Coapman, who are leaving for the east. Mrs. Coapman was presented with a beautiful souvenir spoon in behalf of the chapter as a farewell memento, by Mrs. Sylvia Merrill. Worthy Matron, with words of appreciation for her faithful work in the chapter. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Timm were affiliated with the order.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leaming and son spent the week at Long Beach.

Miss Verna Trible was the week end guest of Mrs. E. E. York of Los Angeles.

A. S. Mead and family made a flying trip to Sierra Madre from Riverside last week.

Mrs. B. H. Kuhn and daughter Hallie spent the week end in their Sierra Madre cottage.

Mrs. N. D. McDowell of Pasadena, was the luncheon guest of Miss Gertrude Cook on Saturday.

I. N. Ward and family are moving into their pretty new bungalow on Grand View avenue this week.

W. P. Caley and family have moved back to their home on Ramona avenue, which has been remodeled.

Mrs. F. W. Nuetzel and Mrs. Julia Shannon spent Wednesday in Los Angeles as guests of Mrs. B. P. Malsi.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Potter and little son Phillip spent the week end as the guests of Mrs. Jane MacGregor.

Miss Hilda and Miss Maybelle Caley were guests at a "hard times" party given in Pasadena on Thursday evening.

Miss Verna Trible was the guest of Mrs. Robt. Belcher of Los Angeles on Thursday evening at a box party at the Majestic Theater.

Miss Verna Trible entertained the Eleven and One Club on Tuesday evening. A pleasant evening was spent and delicious refreshments were served.

Mrs. H. J. Simank surprised her husband on Tuesday evening by giving a little birthday anniversary supper party in his honor. Guests were Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hannaford and Miss Portia Ulrich.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hartman and Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hannaford celebrated the birthday anniversary of the two gentlemen by motoring to Venice on Saturday afternoon and enjoying a picnic supper.

Last Friday afternoon Miss Elsa Lachner of Pasadena gave a tea in honor of a few of her friends. Sierra Madre guests were the Misses Flora Vannier, Edith Blumer, Daisy Hawks and Lottie Humphries.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coapman and daughter Irene left on Monday evening for Rochester, N. Y., where they expect to make their future home. They will visit in San Diego and San Francisco and attend the fairs.

Sunday dinner guests of Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Osgood were Miss T. H. Graham, Miss Ida Munsell, Miss Elizabeth Leigh of Los Angeles, Miss Green of Colorado, Miss Hazelton of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Sam Graham.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Ralph Lord entertained a little supper party as a surprise to her husband, the affair being for his birthday anniversary. Covers were laid for six, and a very delightful evening was spent by the guests.

Mrs. J. L. Hamer, and sister, Miss Maude, of Garvanza, were in this city visiting friends one day this past week.

Miss Etta Dickson has returned from a trip to Hermosa Beach, where she spent ten days visiting friends.

Rudolph Hortman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sparks, motored through the orange belt recently, visiting Riverside, Redlands, Uplands and surrounding country.

Friday evening the S. F. G. boys gave a little informal supper in the church parlors as farewell to their pastor, Rev. Hannaford. Miss Portia Ulrich and Miss Isabelle Stevens had the supper in charge. Toasts were given and responded to and a jolly good time enjoyed by all. Rev. Hannaford was presented with a beautiful sofa cushion, with the letters "S. F. G." in one corner as a farewell memento from the boys. Later in the evening the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society came in a body and surprised Rev. Hannaford. Games and guessing contests were enjoyed by the forty or more young people present and Mr. Sidney Cornuelle, president of the society, presented the pastor in behalf of the society with a pretty pocket kodak. Delicious home-made candies were served and with an impressive farewell to the young people the guest of honor closed the evening.

A jolly party of young people, chaperoned by Mrs. C. L. Twycross, and Miss Avis Preston, picnicked at the cabins in the Bailey canyon Saturday evening and enjoyed the trip by moonlight. Those in the party were the Misses Helen Sadler, Helen Williams, Helen Janson, Helen Dudley, Ellen Preston, Dorothy McBane, Anna Kehlet, Mabel Breining, Isobel Langton, Katherine Schwartz, Hallie Kuhn, and Rose MacWilliams; Messrs. Robert

Clark, Wade Brunson, George Hannaford, James Sparks, Joseph Evans, Webster Vannier, Gustav Janson, Victor Hill, Gordon MacWilliams, Herbert Ingraham and Billie Schwartz. After a delicious picnic luncheon served in the cabin, the evening was spent in playing five hundred and enjoying the phonograph music.

A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed on Tuesday by the Ladies Aid Society, which met for the regular monthly business meeting in the Congregational church parlors. About twenty-five ladies were present. Mrs. Ralph Lord, and Mrs. George Morgridge acted as hostesses and delicious refreshments were served.

MERRY MINSTRELS

The annual minstrel show of the Feed & Fun Club will probably be held about April 20, the performance being given on two evenings in the Woman's Clubhouse, according to present plans of the committee in charge. This is the big annual joyfest of Sierra Madre and its hilarity makes it the bright spot of the spring season. If someone will only make an appeal to the city authorities to suppress the performance, after the manner of the attacks on "The Clansman" in Los Angeles, the management will rest easy in the assurance of packed houses.

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

(From Club Press Committee)

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club on Monday, March 8th, promises to be of unusual interest, particularly to lovers of art. The afternoon is in charge of Mrs. I. N. Ward and Mrs. Ralph Hopkins. Miss Hanna Thompson of Pasadena will give a talk upon Mr. Chase's celebrated summer art school at Carmel-by-the-Sea. There will be also some musical numbers.

Those who belong to the dancing set (we no longer say younger set, since old and young dance nowadays) are looking forward to the St. Patrick's Day dancing party in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dennison. There are to be some very special features, chief among which are to be selections by the "Shamrock three," accompanied by Mrs. Flathers. Who and why the "Shamrock three" is to be a secret until that occasion. The hosts and hostesses for this event are Mr. and Mrs. Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkshurst, Mr. and Mrs. Sadler, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baugh. Admission will be 50 cents.

5% DISCOUNT ON LAUNDRY

Buy a coupon book and get 5 per cent discount on your laundry. Books of \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 denominations.

MONROVIA STEAM LAUNDRY.

NEW TELEPHONES

Telephones installed since the last list published are:

Green 43—Culver, Mrs. B. F., Sunnyside and Montecito.

Blue 63—Chappell, Harold, 204 East Central.

Black 125—Dawson, M., Highland and Auburn.

Green 104—Elliott, N. H., 555 West Highland.

Black 139—Ferris, Geo. E., Central and Sunnyside.

Red 22—Foley, Mary, lunch room.

Black 125—Hall, Helen, Auburn and Highland.

Green 54—Hori, Lima and Laurel.

Green 61—Leslie, S. K., 427 West Highland.

Black 62—Leslie, Mrs. W. H., day work, East Montecito.

Black 69—McKay, Mrs. Helen, 81 West Laurel.

Red 21—Pasco, Stanley C., 385 Marioposa.

Red 21—Primm, Madam Allah.

Green 79—Peterson, G. A., painter and decorator, 73 Suffolk avenue.

Red 94, 2 bells—Webster, T. M., Topping contract.

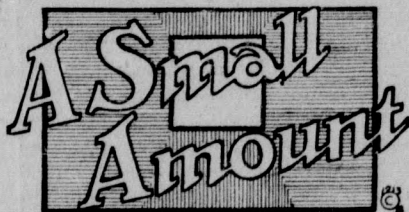
Red 121—Ward, Irving N., residence East Grandview.

Red 122—Ward, Waldo, Mt. Trail and Highland.

Blue 29—Ward, Irving N., office Nursery, 192 North Mt. Trail.

Changes in number:
Blue 76—Harless (formerly Blue 49).

Green 116—Baldwin Place, T. F. Rogers (formerly Green 106).



—of money—just a little capital on hand will often enable any one to "double his money" in a short time.

—opportunities to "buy right" appear every day, and a thing bought right is half sold.

—a savings account offers the best way to accumulate a little money—to make more.

—start one today—4%.

**First
National Bank**

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Where we save you money, some
NORRIS' CASH STORE

Every Day Cut Prices

2 pkgs. Grape Nuts, our price.....	.25
1 pkg. Not-a-Seed Raisins, 16 oz.....	.10
1 lb. Bulk Cocoa, best quality.....	.25
1 can Kipperd Herring.....	.10
1 pkg. Quaker Oats, our price.....	.11
1 pkg. Shredded Wheat Biscuit.....	.11
1/2 lb. can Royal Baking Powder.....	.22
Best Round Steak, the lb.....	.20

Specials for Saturday Only

16 lbs. Granulated Sugar.....	\$1.00
1 lb. Best Creamery Butter.....	.33
2 1/2 lb. can Schillings Coffee, reg. \$1.....	.80
Brisket, the lb.....	.10
Pot Roast, the lb.....	.15

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Say Mr.—that new home you intend to build, let us consult you as to plans and costs. We can show you dozens of fine bungalows Mr. Thompson has built, both in Monrovia and Los Angeles. And Tucker knows how to decorate them in fine shape.

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Established in Sierra Madre 1888

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Seven Big Reels In All

WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE

Saturday, 7:30 P. M.

10 and 15c



PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company

SYNOPSIS.

Frank O'Connell, young Irish patriot, is shot and wounded by British soldiers while making a home rule speech. He is aided by Angela Kingsnorth, an English society girl, who defends him.

Angela takes O'Connell to her brother's home and helps to nurse him. He recovers, and he and the girl become fast friends.

O'Connell when well is sent to jail for disturbing the peace. He finally wins Angela that he has finished his sentence.

O'Connell and Angela wed. She has espoused the Irish cause. Her brother, a member of parliament, is very angry.

The happy couple come to America to live. A daughter is born to them. Angela's brother refuses to help the couple in any way. Angela dies.

CHAPTER VII.

A Communication From Nathaniel Kingsnorth.

THE months that followed were the hardest in O'Connell's life. Strive as he would, he could find no really remunerative employment. He had no special training. He knew no trade. His pen, though fluent, was not cultured and lacked the glow of eloquence he had when speaking. He worked in shops and in factories. He tried to report on news papers. But his lack of experience everywhere handicapped him. What he contrived to earn during those months of struggle was all too little as the time approached for the great event.

Angela was now entirely confined to her bed. She seemed to grow more spirit-like every day. A terrible dread haunted O'Connell waking and sleeping. He would start out of some terrible dream at night and listen to her breathing. When he would hurry back at the close of some long, disappointing day his heart would be hammering dully with fear for his loved one.

As the months wore on his face became lined with care and the bright gold of his hair dimmed with streaks of silver. But he never faltered or lost courage. He always felt he must win the fight for existence as he meant to win the greater conflict later—for liberty.

Angela, lying so still, through the long days, could only hope. She felt so helpless. It was woman's weakness that brought men like O'Connell to the edge of despair. And hers was not merely bodily weakness, but the more poignant one of pride. Was it fair to her husband. Was it just? In England she had prosperous relatives. They would not let her die in misery. They could not let her baby come into the world with poverty as its only inheritance. Till now she had been unable to master her feeling of hatred and bitterness for her brother Nathaniel, her intense dislike and contempt for her sister Monica. From the time she left England she had not written to either of them. Could she now? Something decided her.

One night O'Connell came back disheartened. Try as he would, he could not conceal it. He was getting to the end of his courage. There was insufficient work at the shop he had been working in for several weeks. He had been told he need not come again.

Angela, lying motionless and white, tried to comfort him and give him heart.

She made up her mind that night. The next day she wrote to her brother.

She could not bring herself to express one regret for what she had done or said. On the contrary, she made many references to her happiness with the man she loved. She did write of the hardships they were passing through. But they were only temporary. O'Connell was so clever, so brilliant, he must win in the end. Only just now she was ill. She needed help. She asked no gift—a loan merely. They would pay it back when the days of plenty came. She would not ask even this were it not that she was not only ill, but the one great, wonderful thing in the world was to be vouchsafed her—motherhood. In the name of her unborn baby she begged him to send an immediate response.

She asked a neighbor to post the letter so that O'Connell would not know of her sacrifice. She waited anxiously for a reply.

Some considerable time afterward—on the eve of her travail and when things with O'Connell were at their worst—the answer came by cable.

She was alone when it came.

Her heart beat furiously as she opened it. Even if he only sent a little it would be so welcome now when they were almost at the end. If he had been generous how wonderful it would be for her to help the man to whom nothing was too much to give her. The fact that her brother had cabled strengthened the belief that he had hastened to come to her rescue.

She opened the cable and read it. Then she fell back on the pillow with a low, faint moan.

When, hours later, O'Connell returned from a vain search for work he found her senseless with the cable in her fingers. He tried to revive her without success. He sent a neighbor

for a doctor. As he watched the worn, patient face, his heart full of bursting, the thought flashed through him what could have happened to cause this collapse. He became conscious of the cable he had found tightly clasped in her hand. He picked it up and read it. It was very brief. All it said was:

You have made your bed. Lie in it.

NATHANIEL KINGSNORTH.

Toward morning the doctor placed a little mite of humanity in O'Connell's arms. He looked down at it in a stupor. It had really come to pass—their child—Angela's and his! A little baby girl! The tiny wall from this child, born of love and in sorrow, seemed to waken his dull senses. He pressed the mite to him as the hot tears flowed down his cheeks. A woman in one of the adjoining flats who had kindly offered to help took the child away from him. The doctor led him to the bedside. He looked down at his loved one. A glaze was over Angela's eyes as she looked up at him. She tried to smile. All her suffering was forgotten. She knew only pride and love. She was at peace. She raised her hand, thin and transparent now, to O'Connell. He pressed it to his lips.

She whispered:

"My baby. Bring me—my baby."

He took it from the woman and placed it in Angela's weak arms. She kissed it again and again. The child waited pitifully. The effort had been too much for Angela's failing strength. Consciousness left her.

Just before sunrise she woke. O'Connell was sitting beside her. He had never moved. The infant was sleeping on some blankets on the couch the woman watching her.

Angela motioned her husband to bend near to her. Her eyes shone with unearthly brightness. He put his ear near her lips. Her voice was very faint.

"Take—care—of—our—baby, Frank. I'm—I'm leaving you. God—help you—and—keep—you—and—bless—you—for—your—love—of me." She paused to

take breath. Then she whispered her leave taking. The words never left O'Connell's memory for all the days of all the years that followed.

"My—last—words, dear, the last I'll—ever—speak—to—you—I—love—you—with all—my heart and my soul—husband! Good—goodbye, Frank." She slipped from his arms and lay, lips parted, eyes open, body still.

The struggle was over. She had gone where there are no petty treacheries, no mean brutalities where all stand alike before the throne to render an account of their stewardship.

The brave, gentle little heart was stilled forever.

And now Peg appears for the first time and brings her radiant presence, her roguish smile, her big, frank, soulful blue eyes, her dazzling red hair, her direct, honest and outspoken truth, her love of all that is clean and pure and beautiful—Peg enters our pages and turns what was a history of romance and drama into a comedy of youth.

Peg—pure as a mountain lily, sweet as a fragrant rose, haunting as an old melody—Peg of Our Hearts comes into our story even as she entered her father's life, as the savior of these pages, even as she was the means of saving O'Connell.

And she did save her father. It was the presence and the thought of the little motherless baby that kept O'Connell's hand from destroying himself when his reason almost left him after his wife's death. The memories of the days immediately following the passing of Angela are too painful to dwell upon.

They are past. They are sacred in O'Connell's heart. They will be to the historian.

Thanks to some kindly Irishmen who heard of O'Connell's plight, he borrowed enough money to bury his dead wife and place a tablet to her memory.

He sent a message to Kingsnorth telling him of his sister's death. He neither expected nor did he receive an answer. As soon as it was possible he returned to Ireland and threw himself once again heart and soul into working for the "cause." He realized his only hope of keeping his balance was to work. He went back to the little village he was born in, and it was Father Cahill's hands that poured the baptismal waters on O'Connell's and Angela's baby, and it was Father Cahill's voice that read the baptismal service.

She was christened Margaret. Angela, one night, when it was nearing her time, begged him if it were a girl to christen her Margaret, after her mother, since all the best in Angela came from her mother.

O'Connell would have liked much to name the mite Angela. But his dead wife's wishes were paramount. So Margaret the baby was christened. It was too distinguished a name and too long for such a little bundle of pink and white humanity. It did not seem to fit her. So "Peg" she was named, and "Peg" she remained for the rest of her life.

Looming large in Peg's memories in after life was her father showing her St. Kieran's hill and pointing out the mount on which he stood and spoke that day, while her mother, hidden by that dense mass of trees, saw every movement and heard every word.

Then somehow her childish thoughts all seemed to run to home rule—to love of Ireland and hatred of England—to thinking all that was good of Irishmen and all that was bad of Englishmen.

"Why do ye hate the English so much, father?" she asked O'Connell once, looking up at him with a puzzled look in her big blue eyes and the most adorable brogue coming fresh from her tongue.

"Why do ye hate them?" she repeated. "I've good cause to, Peg, me darlin'." He answered, and a deep frown gathered on his brow.

"Sure wasn't me mother English?" Peg asked.

"She was."

"Then why do ye hate the English?"

"It 'ud take a long time to tell ye that, Peggy. Some day I will. There's many a reason why the Irish hate the English, and many a good reason too. But there's one why you and I should hate them and bate them with all the bitterness that's in us."

"And what is it?" said Peg curiously.

"I'll tell ye. When yer mother and I were almost starvin', and she (yin on a bed of sickness, she wrote to an Englishman an' asked him to assist her. An' this is the reply she got: 'Ye've made yer bed. Lie in it.' That was the answer she got the day before you were born, and she died givin' ye life. And by the same token the man that wrote that shameful message to a dyin' woman was her own brother."

"Her own brother, yer tellin' me?" asked Peg wrathfully.

"I am, Peg. Her own brother, I'm tellin' ye."

"It's bad luck that man'll have all his life!" said Peg fiercely. "To write me mother that—an' she dyin'! Faith I'd like to see him some day—just meet him—an' tell him!" She stopped, her little fingers clinched into a minute fist.

CHAPTER VIII.

For the Cause.

O'CONNELL had changed very much since the days of St. Kieran's hill. As was foreboded earlier, he no longer urged violence. He had come under the influence of the more temperate men of the party and was content to win by legislative means what Ireland had failed to accomplish wholly by conflict, although no one recognized more thoroughly than O'Connell what a large part the determined attitude of the Irish party in resisting the English laws, depriving them of the right of free speech and of meeting to spread light among the ignorant, had played in wringing some measure of recognition and of tolerance from the English ministers.

What changed O'Connell more particularly was the action of a band of so-called "patriots" who operated in many parts of Ireland—maiming cattle, ruining crops, injuring peaceable farmers who did not do their bidding and shooting at landlords and prominent people connected with the government.

He avoided the possibility of imprisonment again for the sake of Peg. What would befall her if he were taken from her?

The continual thought that preyed upon him was that he would have nothing to leave her when his call came. Do what he would, he could make but little money, and when he had a small surplus he would spend it on Peg—a shawl to keep her warm or a ribbon to give a gleam of color to the drab little clothes.

On great occasions he would buy her a new dress, and then Peg was the proudest little child in the whole of Ireland.

Every year on the anniversary of her mother's death O'Connell had a mass said for the repose of Angela's soul, and he would kneel beside Peg through the service and be silent for the rest of the day. One year he had candles blessed by the archbishop lit on Our Lady's altar, and he stayed long after the service was over. He sent Peg home. But, although Peg obeyed him partially by leaving the church, she kept watch outside until her father came out. He was wiping his eyes as he saw her. He pretended to be very angry.

"Didn't I tell ye to go home?"

"Ye did father."

"Then why didn't ye obey me?"

"Sure an' what would I be doin' at home, all alone, without you? Don't be cross with me, father."

He took her hand, and they walked home in silence. He had been crying, and Peg could not understand it. She had never seen him do such a thing before, and it worried her. It did not seem right that a man should cry. It seemed a weakness, and that her father of all men should do it, he who was not afraid of anything or any one, was wholly unaccountable to her.

When they reached home Peg bustled herself about her father, trying to make him comfortable, furtively watching him all the while. When she had put him in an easy chair and brought him his slippers and built up the fire she sat down on a little stool by his side. After a long silence she stroked the back of his hand and then gave him a little tug. He looked down at her.

"What is it, Peg?"

"Was my mother very beautiful, father?"

"The most beautiful woman that ever lived in all the world, Peg."

"She looks beautiful in the picture ye have of her."

From the inside pocket of his coat he drew out a little beautifully painted miniature. The frame had long since been worn and frayed. O'Connell looked at the face, and his eyes shone.

"The man that painted it couldn't put the soul of her into it. That he couldn't; not the soul of her."

"Am I like her at all, father?" asked Peg wistfully.

"Sometimes ye are, dear, very like."

After a little pause Peg said:

"Ye loved her very much, father, didn't ye?"

He nodded. "I loved her with all the heart of me and all the strength of me."

Peg sat quiet for some minutes; then she asked him a question very quietly and hung in suspense on his answer:

"Do ye love me as much as ye loved her, father?"

"It's different, Peg, quite, quite different."

"Why is it?" She waited.

He did not answer.

"Sure, love is love whether ye feel it for a woman or a child," she persisted.

O'Connell remained silent.

"Did ye love her better than ye love me, father?" Her soul was in her great blue eyes as she waited excitedly for the answer to that, to her, momentous question.

"Why do ye ask me that?" said O'Connell.

"Because I always feel a little sharp pain right through my heart whenever ye talk about me mother. Ye see, father, I've thought all these years that I was the one ye really loved!"

"Ye're the only one I have in the world, Peg."

"And ye don't love her memory better than ye do me?"

O'Connell put both of his arms around her.

"Yer mother is with the saints, Peg, and here are you by me side. Sure there's room in me heart for the memory of her and the love of you."

She breathed a little sigh of satisfaction and nestled on to her father's shoulder. The little fit of childish jealousy of her dead mother's place in her father's heart passed.

She wanted no one to share her father's affection with her. She gave him all of hers. She needed all of his.

When Peg was eighteen years old and they were living in Dublin, O'Connell was offered quite a good position in New York. It appealed to him. The additional money would make things easier for Peg. She was almost a woman now, and he wanted her to get the finishing touches of education that would prepare her for a position in the world if she met the man she felt she could marry. Whenever he would speak of marriage Peg would laugh scornfully.

"Who would I be after marryin', I'd like to know? Where in the world would I find a man like you?"

And no coaxing would make her carry on the discussion or consider its possibility.

It still harassed him to think he had so little to leave her if anything happened to him. The offer to go to America seemed providential. Her mother was buried there. He would take Peg to her grave.

Peg grew very thoughtful at the idea of leaving Ireland. All her little likes and dislikes, her impulsive affections and hot hatreds, were bound up in that country. She dreaded the prospect of meeting a number of new people.

Still, it was for her father's good, so she turned a brave face to it and said:

"Sure it is the finest thing in the world for both of us."

But the night before they left Ireland she sat by the little window in her bedroom until daylight looking back through all the years of her short life.

It seemed as if she were cutting off all that beautiful golden period. She would never again know the free, careless, happy-go-lucky, living from day to day existence that she had loved so much.

It was a pale, wistful, tired little Peg that joined her father at breakfast next morning.

His heart was heavy too. But he laughed and joked and sang and said how glad they ought to be—going to that wonderful new country and, by the way, the country Peg was born in too! And then he laughed again and said how fine she looked and how well he felt and that it seemed as if it were God's hand in it all.

And Peg pretended to cheer up, and they acted their parts right to the end—until the last line of land disappeared and they were banded for America.

separated and went to their

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little cabins to think of all that had been. And every day they kept up the little deception with each other until they reached America.

They were cheerless days at first for O'Connell. Everything reminded him of his first landing twenty years before with his young wife—both so full of hope, with the future stretching out like some wonderful panorama before them. He returns twenty years older to begin the fight again—this time for his daughter.

His wife was buried in a little Catholic cemetery a few miles outside New York city. There he took Peg one day, and they put flowers on the little mound of earth and knelt awhile in prayer. Beneath that earth lay not only his wife's remains, but O'Connell's early hopes and ambitions were buried with her.

Neither spoke either going to or returning from the cemetery. O'Connell's heart was too full. Peg knew what was passing through his mind and sat with her hands folded in her lap—silent. But her little brain was busy thinking back.

Peg had much to think of during the early days following her arrival in New York. At first the city awed her with its huge buildings and ceaseless whirl of activity and noise. She longed to be back in her own little green, beautiful country.

O'Connell was away during those first days until late at night.

He found a school for Peg. She did not want to go to it, but just to please her father she agreed. She lasted in it just one week. They laughed at her brogue and teased and tormented her for her absolute lack of knowledge.

Peg put up with that just as long as she could. Then one day she opened out on them and astonished them. They could not have been more amazed had a bomb exploded in their midst. The little, timid looking, open-eyed, Titian haired girl was a veritable virago. She attacked and belittled and mimicked and berated them. They had talked of her brogue! They should listen to their own nasal utterances, that sounded as if they were speaking with their noses and not with their tongues! Even the teacher did not go unscathed. She came in for an onslaught too. That closed Peg's career as a New York student.

Her father arranged his work so that he could be with her at certain periods of the day and outlined her studies from his own slender stock of knowledge.

One wonderful day they had an addition to their small family. A little, wiry haired, scrubby, melancholy Irish terrier followed O'Connell for miles. He tried to drive him away. The dog would turn and run for a few seconds, and the moment O'Connell would take his eyes off him he would run along and catch him up and wag his over-long tail and look up at O'Connell with his sad eyes. The dog followed him all the way home, and when O'Connell opened the door he ran in. O'Connell had not the heart to turn him out, so he poured out some milk and broke up some dry biscuits for him and then played with him until Peg came home. She liked the little dog at once, and then and there O'Connell adopted him and gave him to Peg. He said the dog's face had a look of Michael Quinlan, the Fenian. So Michael he was named, and he took his place in the little home. He became Peg's boon companion. They romped together like children, and they talked to each other and understood each other.

The days flowed quietly on, O'Connell apparently satisfied with his lot. But to Peg's sharp eye all was not

(Continued on Page 4)

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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

SHERIFF'S SALE

No. 19681

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

Emma H. Underhill, Plaintiff, vs. W. A. Shonts, Marguerite C. Shonts, Home Builders, a corporation, Home Builders of Los Angeles, a corporation, John Doe and Richard Roe, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 23rd day of February A. D., 1915, in the above entitled action, wherein Emma H. Underhill, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against W. A. Shonts, Marguerite C. Shonts, et al, defendants, on the 10th day of February A. D., 1915, for the sum of eleven hundred sixty four and 68/100 (\$1164.68) dollars, gold coin of United States which said decree was, on the 18th day of February, A. D., 1915, recorded in Judgment Book 331 of said court, at page 303, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot nine (9) block "A" of the Central Tract in the City of Sierra Madre, as per map recorded in book 30, page 14, Miscellaneous Records of said county. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Notice is hereby given, that, on Tuesday the 30th day of March A. D., 1915, at 12:00 o'clock M., of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 4th day of March, 1915.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County

By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
H. L. Dearing, Plaintiff's Attorney.

"Are you sure you love your neighbor as yourself?" asked St. Peter, who was cross-examining the new arrival.

"Yes," answered the applicant for a golden crown. "For ten years he used my telephone to carry on his business, and I never complained."

"Enter, my good man," said St. Peter, with much feeling.—Gar Facts.

Beautiful new designs in place cards and bon bon holders at the News Printery.

10% DISCOUNT ON LAUNDRY

Try the "holdover" collected Friday and delivered Tuesday, and get 10 per cent discount. Phone Monrovia 87 at our expense for driver.

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New lines of birthday cards and folders just received. The News Printery.

22

THE SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGRIDGE

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OPPOSITE PACIFIC ELECTRIC STATION

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915

HIGHWAY PATROL

The News long ago advocated a system of street repairs which would be everlasting on the job, taking the proverbial "stitch in time," as against the policy of waiting until big holes or bumps make streets dangerous or impassable before repairing them. The Christian Science Monitor tells of plans followed in Europe and now under consideration in Canada which follow that principle:

Most people are familiar with the track-walker of the railways; others may be informed that he has been an institution for years, and that within his assigned section it is his duty to look out for imperfections of all kinds, to report at once on serious defects in the rails, ties and roadbed, and to attend promptly to small repairs. Taking a hint from the track-walker European continental countries long since applied the idea to the public roads, and enlarge upon it. They either employ a single road-walker for a section, or put on the highways for permanent service two, three or five skilful road-menders whose duty it is to keep a certain stretch of roadway up to a certain high standard of repair. The American method, generally speaking, is to wait until the roadway has been seriously run down, then put on a large force, make repairs on a big scale, and do nothing more until the road again runs down. This, of course, is not road maintenance in any proper definition of the term.

The province of Ontario, departing from a custom prevailing to the south of the line, is considering the advisability of instituting what is known as the road patrol system. This has been based upon the smallest unit. Each man is provided with a complete road repair outfit, given a certain length of highway to take care of, and is held responsible for its condition. It is probable that if adopted this system will be made a part of the county organization, with county engineers authorized to make appointments in the patrol service. On the theory that "a stitch in time saves nine" it is believed by many that this plan can be made so to operate as to mean a great saving in the cost of highway maintenance with a corresponding betterment of the highways themselves.

Some of the American states, it is proper to say, have established very efficient road inspection and repair systems, and, it is equally proper to mention, some of the American states have roadways probably equal to any in the world; but even these states may learn much to their advantage by studying the economic side of the road patrol system. Its principal claim to attention lies in the fact that it involves, in reality, the upkeep of the roads rather than their repair, and aims to make unnecessary a periodical reconstruction.

FACING FELONY CHARGE

W. J. Harkness, the man arrested last week for passing fictitious checks on the Griggs and Sadler stores, was arraigned before Recorder Perry Thursday afternoon and bound over to the superior court on a felony charge. The particular offense specified was the uttering of a check on the First National Bank, in which he had no funds or credit to meet the obligation. The district attorney's office was represented by Deputy L. M. Powell. No defense was offered and Harkness was taken back to the county jail to await his hearing.

HOME OF TRUTH

A series of special talks on "True Being" will be given at the Home of Truth, corner of Auburn and Carter avenues, beginning Sunday, March 7, at 3:30 p. m. The regular midweek meeting is held Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The talk will be followed by a healing treatment for all who request it. Services conducted by Harriet C. Hamor. Everyone cordially invited. Sunday school at two o'clock. All children invited.

The Monrovia Steam Laundry is now giving Sierra Madre a daily service.

For Nine Years
Miss Sibyl Mather

Has Faithfully and Graciously Served the Public at the Pacific Electric Information Bureau

In the nine years of her service, Miss Mather has answered approximately 3,000,000 questions and thereby directed that number of persons interested in Southern California. She now asks that the support of the reader be given her in her candidacy for Queen of the Southland during the year of 1915, and by all the rules of fair play is entitled to the unstinted support of every resident of the Southland. Votes for her cost 10c each and may be obtained from any Pacific Electric Conductor, at stations from agents and from many special representatives. The money derived from votes is to be used in the entertainment of visitors during 1915 and will return profits many fold.

Buy Tickets Early and Often.

Contest Closes March 27

Peg o' My Heart

(Continued from Page 3)

well with him. There was a settled melancholy about him whenever she surprised him thinking alone. She thought he was fretting for Ireland and their happy days together and so said nothing.

He was really worrying over Peg's future. He had such a small amount of money put by, and working on a salary it would be long before he could save enough to leave Peg sufficient to carry her on for awhile if "anything happened." There was always that "if anything happened" running in his mind.

CHAPTER IX.

Peg's Future.

ONE day the chance of solving the whole difficulty of Peg's future was placed in O'Connell's hands. But the means were so distasteful to him that he hesitated about even telling her.

He came in unexpectedly in the early afternoon of that day and found a letter waiting for him with an English postmark. Peg had eyed it curiously off and on for hours. She had turned it over and over in her fingers and looked at the curious, angular writing and felt a little cold shiver run up and down her as she found herself wondering who could be writing to her father from England.

When O'Connell walked in and picked the letter up she watched him excitedly. She felt, for some strange reason, that they were going to reach a crisis in their lives when the seal was broken and the contents disclosed. Superstition was strong in Peg, and all that day she had been nervous without reason and excited without cause.

O'Connell read the letter through twice, slowly the first time, quickly the second. A look of bewilderment came across his face as he sat down and stared at the letter in his hand.

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"Who is it from at all?" asked Peg very quietly, though she was trembling all through her body. Her father said nothing. Presently he read it through again. "It's from England, father, isn't it?" queried Peg, pale as a ghost.

"Yes, Peg," answered her father, and his voice sounded hollow and spiritless. "I didn't know ye had friends in England," said Peg, eying the letter. "I haven't," replied her father.

"Then who is it from?" insisted Peg, now all impatience and with a strange fear tugging at her heart. O'Connell looked up at her as she stood there staring down at him, her big eyes wide open and her lips parted. He took both of her hands in one of his and held them all crushed together for what seemed to Peg to be a long, long while. She hardly breathed. She knew something was going to happen to them both.

At last O'Connell spoke, and his voice trembled and broke:

"Peg, do ye remember one mornin', years an' years ago, when I was goin' to speak in County Mayo, an' we started in the cart at dawn, an' we traveled for miles an' miles, an' we came to a great big crossin' where the roads divided an' there was no signpost, an' we asked each other which one we should take, an' we couldn't make up our minds, an' I left it to you, an' ye picked a road, an' it brought us out safe and true at the spot we were makin' for? Do you remember it, Peg?"

"Faith I do, father. I remember it well. Ye called me yer little guide and said ye'd follow my road the rest of yer life. An' it's many's the laugh we had when I'd take ye wrong some-times afterward." She paused. "What makes ye think of that just now, father?"

He did not answer.

"Is it on account o' that letter?" she persisted. "It is, Peg." He spoke with difficulty, as if the words hurt him to speak. "We've got to a great big crossin' place again where the roads branch off, an' I don't know which one to take."

"Are ye goin' to lave it to me again, father?" said Peg.

"That's what I can't make up me mind about, dear, for it may be that ye'll go down one road and me down the other."

"No, father," Peg cried passionately, "that we won't. Whatever the road we'll travel it together."

"I'll think it out by myself, Peg. Lave me for awhile—alone. I want to think it out by myself—alone."

"If it's separation ye're thinkin' of make up yer mind to one thing—that I'll never lave you. Never!"

"Take Michael out for a spell and come back in half an hour, and in the meanwhile I'll bate it all out in me mind."

She bent down and straightened the furrows in his forehead with the tips of her fingers and kissed him and then whistled to the wistful Michael, and



His Other Sister, Mrs. Chichester.

together they went running down the street toward the little patch of green where the children played and among whom Michael was a prime favorite. Sitting, his head in his hands, his eyes staring into the past, O'Connell was facing the second great tragedy of his life.

While O'Connell sat there in that little room in New York trying to decide Peg's fate a man who had played some considerable part in O'Connell's life lay in a splendidly furnished room in a mansion in the west end of London—dying.

Nathaniel Kingsnorth's twenty years of loneliness and desolation were coming to an end. What an empty, arid stretch of time those years seemed to him as he feebly looked back on them! After the tragedy of his sister's reckless marriage he deserted public life entirely and shut himself away in his country house, except for a few weeks in London occasionally when his presence was required on one or another of the boards of which he was a director.

The Irish estate, which brought about all his misfortunes, he disposed of at a ridiculously low figure. He said he would accept any bid, however small, so that he could sever all connection with the hated village.

From the day of Angela's elopement he neither saw nor wrote to any member of his family.

His other sister, Mrs. Chichester, wrote to him from time to time telling

him one time of the birth of a boy, two years later of the advent of a girl.

Kingsnorth did not answer any of her letters.

In no way dismayed Mrs. Chichester continued to write periodically. She wrote him when her son Alaric went to school and also when he went to college. Alaric seemed to absorb most of her interest. He was evidently her favorite child. She wrote more seldom of her daughter, Ethel, and when she did happen to refer to her she dwelt principally on her beauty and her accomplishments. Five years before an envelope in deep mourning came to Kingsnorth, and on opening it he found a letter from his sister acquainting him with the melancholy news that Mr. Chichester had ended a life of usefulness at the English bar and had died, leaving the family quite comfortably off.

Kingsnorth telegraphed his condolences and left instructions for a suitable wreath to be sent to the funeral. But he did not attend it, nor did he at any time express the slightest wish to see his sister, nor did he encourage any suggestion on her part to visit him.

When he was stricken with an illness from which no hope of recovery was held out to him he at once began to put his affairs in order, and his lawyer spent days with him drawing up statements of his last wishes for the disposition of his fortune.

With death stretching out its hand to snatch him from a life he had enjoyed so little his thoughts, colored with the fancies of a tired, sick brain, kept turning constantly to his dead sister Angela.

From time to time down through the years he had a softened, gentle remembrance of her. When the news of her death came, furious and unrelenting as he had been toward her, her passing softened it. Had he known in time he would have insisted on her burial in the Kingsnorth vault. But she had already been interred in New York before the news of her death reached him.

The one bitter hatred of his life had been against the man who had taken his sister in marriage and in so doing had killed all possibility of Kingsnorth succeeding in his political and social aspirations.

He heard vaguely of a daughter. He took no interest in the news.

Now, however, the remembrance of his treatment of Angela burnt into him. He especially repented of that merciless cable, "You have made your bed; lie in it." It haunted him through the long hours of his slow and painful illness. Had he helped her she might have been alive today, and those bitter reflections that ate into him night and day might have been replaced by gentler ones and so make his end the more peaceful.

He thought of Angela's child and wondered if she were like his poor dead sister. The wish to see the child became an obsession with him.

One morning, after a restless, feverish night, he sent for his lawyer and told him to at once institute inquiries—find out if the child was still living and if so where.

This his lawyer did. He located O'Connell in New York through a friend of his in the Irish party and found that the child was living with him in rather poor circumstances. He communicated the result of his inquiries to Kingsnorth. That day a letter was sent to O'Connell asking him to allow his child to visit her dying uncle. O'Connell was to cable at Kingsnorth's expense, and if he would consent the money for the expenses of the journey would be cabled immediately. The girl was to start at once, as Mr. Kingsnorth had very little longer to live.

When the letter had gone Kingsnorth drew a breath of relief. He longed to see the child. He would have to wait impatiently for the reply. Perhaps the man whom he had hated all his life would refuse his request. If he did—well, he would make some provision in his will for her in memory of his dead sister.

The next day he altered his entire will and made Margaret O'Connell a special legacy. Ten days later a cable came:

I consent to my daughter's visiting you
FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL

The lawyer cabled at once, making all arrangements through their bankers in New York for Miss O'Connell's journey.

That night Kingsnorth slept without being disturbed. He awoke refreshed in the morning. It was the first kindly action he had done for many years.

How much had he robbed himself of all his life by doing so little he was repaid so much!

O'Connell had a hard struggle with Peg before she would consent to leave him. She met all his arguments with counter arguments. Nothing would move her for hours.

"Why should I go to a man I have never seen and hate the name of?"

"He's your uncle, Peg."

"It's a fine uncle he's been to me all me life. And it was a grand way he threatened me mother when she was starvin'."

"He wants to do somethin' for ye now, Peg."

"I'll not go to him."

"Now listen, dear; it's little I'll have to lave ye when I'm gone," pleaded O'Connell.

"I'll not listen to any talk at all about yer goin'. Yer a great, strong, healthy man—that's what ye are. What are ye talkin' about? What's got into yer head about goin'?"

"The time must come some day, Peg."

"All right. We'll know how to face it when it does. But we're not goin' out all the way to meet it," said Peg resolutely.

(Continued next week)

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